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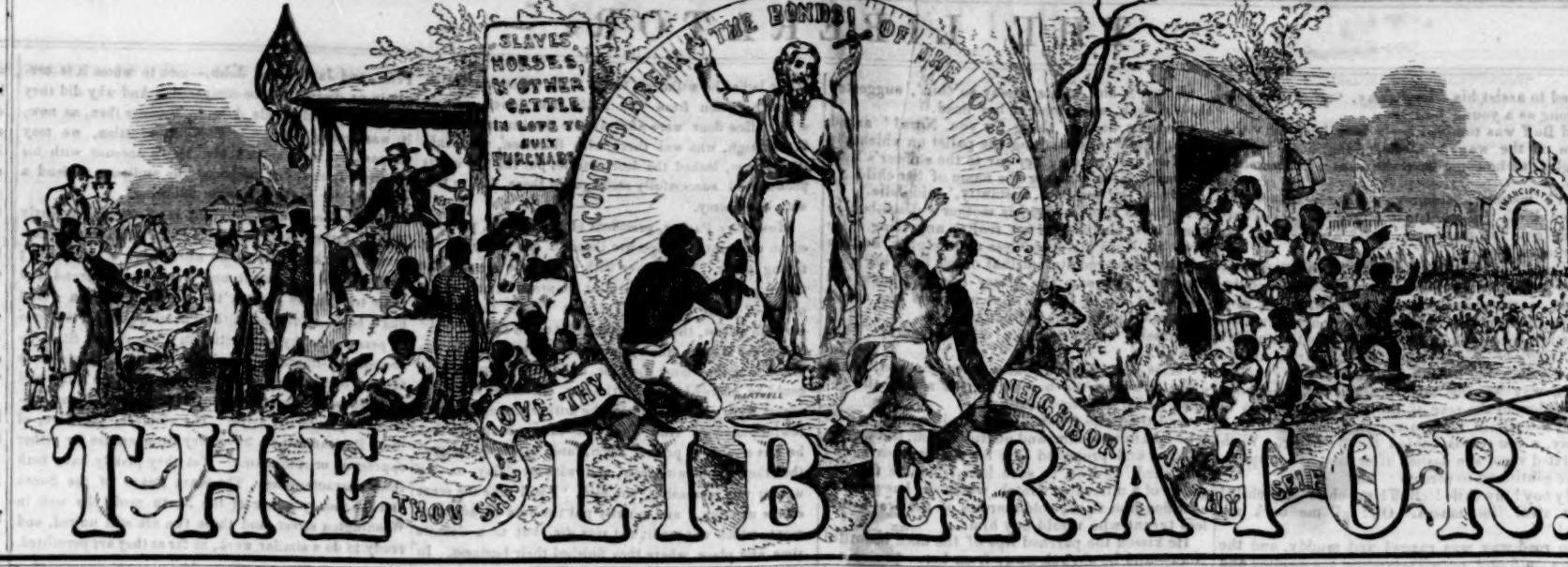
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In the columns of THE LIBERATOR, both sides of
every question are impartially allowed a hearing.



WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

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Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

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REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From the New York Observer.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ABOLITIONIST.

I have been in no slight degree affected by the spirit which has excited so great a commotion in the Northern mind, concerning Slavery. I have heard, in imagination, the clanking of chains, have shed tears over the pages of Uncle Tom's Cabin, have argued and declaimed with no little enthusiasm, in favor of speedy emancipation; in fine, I may with all truth say, I have felt the passion which moves the hearts of so many of the speakers at the Anti-Slavery meetings in Boston and elsewhere.

If, therefore, I refuse to entertain that passion, and cast it out as evil, it is not from ignorance. I feel the excitement, the impetuosity, and the almost wildness of our sentiments, as nothing, as the true standard of civilization and of opposition against human slavery, seems to be on the

dissatisfied was I at finding slavery grafted into the Covenant with Abraham, which I had been taught to believe was the Commandment upon which the Church was founded. I can easily see, therefore, why the abolitionist should cast away the Bible, in which servants are taught to be obedient to their masters, and in which one man is forbidden to judge another's conscience.

These, with other considerations, have led me to renounce this spirit with abhorrence, as not from on high.

OMIKRON.

SLAVERY AND THE BIBLE.

The Boston correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, (ex-Reverend Hubbard Winslow,) in a recent letter, says:

In one way and another, much solid discussion is at this time given to the subject of slavery. And there is nothing more marked than the improved character of much that is now said on the subject. Late in the tone of writing and speaking was superficial and one-sided, so much so, that if freedom and its institutions were treated in the same way, both would be made out to be bad things. Among late writings that we have observed is the well digested article of a late number of the New York Observer, entitled Slavery and the Bible, which we have read with great interest, and observed with pleasure that you have reprinted. We laid the article down with the wish that every American could read it, and at this time. It is eminently a tract for the times, and we think if some person, who has the means, would print tens of thousands of it, in a tract form, he would find persons enough that would be glad to scatter them broadcast, where most needed, and thus immense good would be done by inducing men to apply to the evils that grow out of slavery the divine remedy—the Gospel. If there is any thing that we would have added to that article, it would have been in reference to the influence of the Gospel in first ameliorating slavery, and finally in bringing it peneally to an end. But this was not essential, as it is always true of the Gospel that it diminishes and banishes evil from the world.

Another long article on slavery has just been published in the Boston Post under the caption, 'Is the North Right?' This paper we have not yet read.

A reader on the same general subject was printed a few days ago in the same paper, and afterwards in a pamphlet form. It was written by Nahum Capen, Esq., of Dorchester, and directed to Rev. Mr. Hall, a Unitarian clergyman of that place, who is the pastor of the author of the letter. The occasion of the letter was an anti-Nebraska, or political prayer of the clergymen at the Dorchester celebration of the 4th of July, and a sermon on politics that he introduced into his pulpit by another preacher of the same faith. The letter is written with much vigor, and its sentiments will be commended by all who believe that clergymen have no moral right to advocate party politics in their sermons or prayers.

DR. LORD ON SLAVERY.

Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, New York, has issued a book, in which he maintains the following propositions:

I. It ought to be seriously considered whether slavery may not be of Divine origin, and, of course, right in principle, notwithstanding any wrong usage which has been made of it.

II. That slavery is an institution of God, according to natural religion.

III. That slavery is a positive institution of revealed religion.

IV. That the holding of slaves, or the carrying on of a system of slavery, by civil regulations, in accordance with the Divine plan, as understood by natural and revealed religion, is not inconsistent with any ideas or principles otherwise suggested or enjoyed by the Providence or word of God.

V. Those interpretations of the law of love which set it in opposition to slavery, independently of its abuses, are fallacious, wherever their fallacy lies.

VI. That there is no more force in objections against the institution of slavery, independently of its abuses, or reason for confining it within geographical limits, than there would be in objections to domestic, civil or ecclesiastical government, because sometimes abused.

VII. That the Nebraska Bill, passed by the Congress of 1854, was a politic measure, and suited, by extending the area of slavery, to promote the best interests of our country.

VIII. It is unwise and hazardous for Christian men to denounce or oppose the institution of slavery itself, in distinction from its abuses, or to give encouragement, directly or indirectly, to romantic or excited persons, who would subvert it before the time of its fall.

IX. Ministers of the Gospel, and all other Christian men, should take the doctrines and practices of the Abolitionists into serious consideration, and use the most effectual means in their power to withstand them, and to save the nation from their pernicious influence.

X. Slavery in this nation has been so wickedly abused by injurious laws and customs, not at all necessary to the institution itself, and by withholding from the slaves that which is just and equal, and properly due to them in their allotted sphere, that the institution has been disdained, and the displeasure of God against the nation itself has been provoked.

XI. Whether a minister of the Gospel who has been convinced that slavery is a Divine institution, and who could, without conscientious misgivings, and with gratitude to God for such an opportunity of benefiting his degraded and suffering creatures, become himself a slaveholder, may not still hope for the forgiveness and charity of his brethren, though he differs from them in the honest profession of his views.

NORTHERN DISCUSSION. We call the attention of Southern disunionists to the article from the New Haven Register, headed the Disunionists Breaking Out. That the State of Massachusetts will back out from her abolition nullification, whenever the issue comes, we have no doubt. But we do not wish these Northern nullifiers and disunionists to back out. We wish to have the gratification of seeing them whipped out. The general government must give some signal instance of its ability to maintain itself. Old Massachusetts, the Cradle of Liberty, is a fit place for this bloody contest as any other, and there is no blood more worthy of being shed to moisten the tree of liberty (!!) than that of abolitionists.—Greenville (S. C.) Patriot.

But I will not prolong these confessions. There is one other point, however, to which I must allude. I found this spirit leading directly to infidelity. I am told many professing Christians have already un-der its influence apostolized, and that some even among the ministry have gone over to fatal errors. I do not wonder, as I remember my secret dissatisfaction that the Bible did not speak out against slavery—that Christ and his Apostles should be silent upon a question of such interest. Still more

The notorious Fred Douglass is put at the top of the ticket just nominated by the New York abolition State convention. Placing blacks over the heads of whites is a favorite practice with the negro-worshippers.—Washington Union.

SELECTIONS.

'INFIDELITY' OF ABOLITIONISTS.

Letter from the Rev. Walter Scott, President of Airedale College, Lancaster, Scotland, to Mr. F. W. Cheson, London.

I am truly sorry and very much surprised to learn from your letter, that there are some excellent men, whose sanction and assistance we should very much prize, who charge our proceedings at the late anti-slavery meeting at Manchester with being of an infidel character, on what grounds or for what reasons I am at a loss to determine. I cannot recollect any speech that was made, or measure that was adopted, or even a single sentence that was uttered, which could subject us to that charge. I do not pretend to be acquainted with the sentiments of all who took a prominent part in the proceedings; but I do not think there was one infidel amongst them. But if there were, I am certain nothing was done to promote in any way the cause of infidelity. Almost all the speakers, as far as I can recollect, took Scripture ground, and represented slavery as being directly opposed to the principles, the spirit and the commands of the Bible, and condemned by the sacred authority of its Author.

And can those that censure us say that infidelity produced an anti-slavery spirit, or originated anti-slavery planks, or formed anti-slavery societies? Does the world's work attempting to rescue the slave from the ruthless grasp of his cruel oppressor, belong to infidelity? or results either its cause or its operation, so that, because we join in it, we should be charged with giving an infidel character to our proceedings? No, we claim the honor of the church for the Bible, for the mission of Jesus Christ. And suppose infidels do join with us in this work, what then? Are infidels destitute of the feelings of humanity? May not their hearts revolt at the enormous wrongs and atrocities of slavery? May they not be sincere and earnest in their efforts to banish this great abomination from the earth? And if they were not, even if their motives were selfish, does it necessarily follow that their assistance must not be accepted in this good work? Very probably there might be some infidels who exerted themselves strenuously to procure the abolition of the corn laws; but did this give an infidel character to the meetings and proceedings of those who engaged in that good work?—Were my neighbor's house on fire, and if I was endeavoring to quench the flames and save his property, and an infidel under the influence of the common feelings of humanity were to rush forward to assist me, would it give an infidel character to my exertions, if I were to avail myself of his aid? Slavery has done and is doing more harm to the human race than ten thousand conflagrations could do; and I would accept the assistance of any human being, if I thought he was sincere, and would readily facilitate my exertions in endeavoring to destroy this great destroyer, and to vindicate the cause of justice and humanity. I must think that the best thing the friends of the Bible and orthodoxy (to use a common expression for the sake of brevity) can do is to come forward, and, as far as they have opportunity, to take the lead in Anti-Slavery Societies, and thus give a practical refutation to the charges which are sometimes brought against them, as being indifferent to the suffering of the slave; and also to the impious reasoning of those who endeavor to wrest that book which is the best friend of the poor—is an emanation, in fact, from the satanic power.

F. W. CHESON.

glishmen paying hasty visits to the United States, and returning home to write books that abound in slanders of the Abolitionists, and in extenuation of the slaveholders. Such persons there are, who are continually propagating their false and one-sided views of the Slavery Question among their fellow-countrymen. Frederika Bremer did not do much harm by her prejudices, because, despite them, she evidently wrote from the seventh heaven of her extraordinary imagination. But the influence produced by such writers as William Chambers, the Scotch publisher, and W. E. Baxter, Joseph Hume's successor in the representation of Monroe, the English publisher, and W. E. Baxter, Joseph Hume's successor in the representation of Monroe, is most pernicious. I have just finished reading Mr. Baxter's book, which, after a prelude of affected moderation, describes the Abolitionists as blasphemers, and finds all kinds of excuses for that heavenly mortal, the pious slaveholder! Such an one cannot, of course, treat his slaves unkindly, or hold them from any other motive than a desire to promote their good. It would be sacrilege to doubt his Christianity; it would be Pharisaism to refuse to sit with him even at the table of the redeemers of both bond and free. Mr. Baxter can find many apologies for his sanctimonious protege, but not one word of sympathy—no, not one—he has for the men, and women, who, without violence, without even the spirit of malice or revenge, are seeking to open the doors of the Prison-House!

I was glad that the Anti-Slavery Advocate had a powerful message to deliver to Mr. Baxter. May it do him good, and teach him to know and to understand what he did before, before he again traduces the characters of good men, who have, at least, fought as good a fight as he has done.

F. W. CHESON.

HUNKER WHIGS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In Massachusetts, the straightforward Whigs, encouraged by the example of their brethren in Maine, are pursuing a similar policy, with a view to like results. They cannot dream of carrying their own nominations, but they contemplate with complacency the election of Beach, the candidate of the Ram Administration party. On the 2d, seven hundred and fifty delegates, *chiefly from the eastern part of the State*, met in convention at Worcester, and, with great unanimity, nominated a full ticket for State officers, headed by SAMUEL H. WATKINS, Governor. Letters against fusion were read from Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Choate. That of Mr. Choate is full of those stilted nothings in which certain Boston rhetoricians love to indulge. He affects ignorance as to the politics of the new party. And what are its politics? It has none. Who knows them. Even on the topic of slavery, nobody knows them, that I am aware of, what in certain it seeks to do, or how much or how little will content it.

Is Mr. Rufus Choate quite sure of his own politics? Did he understand them clearly when, in the Senate of the United States, he quailed before the eye of McDougal? Did he stand up to them when he shrank, abashed, before the frown and rebuke of Henry Clay? The sum and substance of his politics has always been, submission to a Master. Such a man cannot comprehend the politics of Republicanism, because its elemental idea is, resistance to Masterdom. We can tell him one thing in certain—the Republican party seeks to do, and that is, to consign the walks of private life to a tribe of emasculate politicians who deem submission to slavery necessary to maintain the Union, and opposition to slavery rank subordination.

George S. Hillard made a speech, in which, aiming to rival the ponderous sarcasm of his great model, Daniel Webster, he styled the Republicans the 'Hag-baby Party.'

The resolutions, as it appears from the telegraphic service, demand the Anti-Slavery acts of the present Legislature, shrink from the recognition of a Party opposed to Slavery, as threatening the stability of the Union, and declare that, if ever a majority of parties becomes necessary, it must be a union of 'National patriots against the aggressions of fanaticism.' The recent intolerable outrages of Slavery, and its schemes of aggression, are overlooked by this select band of 'National patriots.'

While the malcontents of Massachusetts are thus doing what they can to break down the only party which proposes to unite the opponents of Slavery against men who repealed the Missouri Compromise, waged war against Freedoms in Kansas, and are further plotting the aggrandizement of the Slave Power, and to elect the Administration ticket, their services are duly appreciated by the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer. The editor was doubtless apprised, by some of his 'National' friends in Massachusetts, of what the Whigs intended to do, for, in an editorial which appeared before their Convention, entitled, 'A Gleam of Hope,' he says—

...and you sell the boy, and—

...Yes.

But, I—a—that is—that is—the boy. That brat I don't want, you see, no how. His mother's a beauty. I want her. I s'pose it's his mother!

Yes—yes.

Well, I want her, but the brat must go away. I'll pay you—I'll give you price—forty-three hundred dollars.

For the three?

Yes.

But, I—a—that is—that is—the boy. That brat I don't want, you see, no how. His mother's a beauty. I want her. I s'pose it's his mother!

Yes—yes.

Well, then, you'll take him off with you!

Yes.

And I'm to give you forty-three hundred dollars?

Yes.

And you sell the boy, and—

Yes, edzickly—"s all right. I see.

Very well, I want him, and I'll pay him price, and account to me some other time. That's it. But he won't stay here at all; he's too white—to white—a dancin' sight, you see! It won't do. And besides, I don't want no incumbrances with her, you see. Un'stand!

Edzickly. I understand, old boy. I see—I see.

Well, then, you'll take him off with you!

Yes.

And I'm to give you forty-three hundred dollars?

Yes.

And you sell the boy, and—

Yes, edzickly—"s all right. I see.

We've got to raise a good price, and I'll pay him price, and account to me some other time. That's it. But he won't stay here at all; he's too white—to white—a dancin' sight, you see! It won't do. And besides, I don't want no incumbrances with her, you see. Un'stand!

This being concluded, the papers were duly passed, and the two men returned to the room where the women and the boy had been left—Taskem to take possession of his handsome "property."

"Now, gals," said the amiable Mr. Ralph Taskem, of Tennessee, "I've brought you to your new home here, in Kaintuck, and this is yer new master, Mr. Britton, who treats all his niggers fast, rate, alfers, of they b'haves well, and don't giv him no sare, nor put on no airs. He's a mild man, an' good a'un, when he has n't no reason to be otherwise; an' I've told him all about yer, an' what yer do. Yer'll ke'p in the house, yere, he says, and he won't put no hard labor onto yer, nor he won't give him no trouble. Ef yer do, he an' Beck'll see at yer come to yer mill agin, straitways, do yer mind? Yer know Beck, Nora, an' yer."

The girl did not reply, but tossed her head and smiled at her sister, who stood close to her side.

"I thought yer'd member Beck," continued Taskem, with a leer toward Brittan; "she knows both on yer, like a book. So, steady now! an' there'll be no trouble."

With this friendly advice, which seemed to have had about as much weight as the two girls as if it had been addressed to the old oaken chimney-piece, Mr. Ralph Taskem bowed himself out—as the side door opened, and Miss Julie entered the apartment, without knowing who was there.

The two quadrupeds were very quietly seated, for their last owner had

"Oh, yes. They can wash, and cook, and do housework, and—and, a great many things 'bout house. And we want them here very much—oh, Julie!"

His ward could make no reply. She saw what she did not want to see—what she blushed to think of! She saw, at a glance, that these two beautiful but unfortunate girls had been purchased by her guardian, undoubtedly, for a vile and wicked purpose, because *she knew* that no mere house servants were wanted or needed!

And Brittan was over sixty years old, too!

* * * * *

Beck, the overseer, was in the stable when they came, but he did not see Taskem, and was not aprieved of their arrival.

As Nora and Katy were following Julie around the house, examining the premises, and listening to their new mistress' advice, Buff strolled out at the back door, and ventured into the stable. He was nicely dressed up, too, and Beck seeing him, mistook him for a son of some gentleman who might be on a temporary visit to Brittan, perhaps.

"Hello, my fine fellow!" he said, approaching the youngster. "How do you?"

"Pretty well," said the boy.

"And where do you come from—eh?"

"I don't know," said the boy.

"Don't know? What's your name?"

"Buff. Mother's in de 'ouse."

"And who is mother?"

"Who? W'y, *Nora*. There she is!" shouted the little fellow, merrily, and running toward his mother, who, with Katy and their mistress, walked to the lawn, and sat down under the shade of the big old oaks at the side of the house.

Beck eyed the new-comers for some time, but he could not make out who or what they were. So he went into the kitchen, where old Aunt Flurry (the cook) was busy, and asked—

"Who are them on the green, yonder?"

"I don't 'sah," said the cook. "I seed 'em wid misses, jiss now—don'no who dey is. Yaller gals, reck'n."

"Yaller girls? W'en d' they come?"

"Don'no—reck'n in forenoon."

Beck could ascertain nothing from the dull old black cook, and so he returned to his business, eyeing the two strangers impudently as he passed along to the stable again.

Taskem returned to Brittan's, after two hours' absence, and they sat down over a bottle of sherry, to discuss the matter of his new purchase.

"How'd you like 'em girls? 'Tis all right, Taskem," continued Brittan, rubbing his hands— "all fine. Julie takes Katy, and Nora serves me—attend me, you see."

"Yes; I see."

Just as I wanted it. They're outside, now—on the green. Beautiful! I've been lookin' at 'em through the blind, here. Devilish nice, that *Nora*! Plump as a duck. Now, about the boy? I won't have the brat left here, any way. Take rock'n with you, when you leave. Sell him for whatever you can get—but carry him away, you understand. I don't want him left where she can find him, either."

"Very well," said Taskem. "I'll manage him. Leave it to me. I'll fix him. Beck 'll help."

And after they had drunk up their wine, Taskem went out to confer with his old friend, the overseer—Lewy Beck.

* * * * *

"Don't know 'em?" said Taskem to his old chum Beck, as the latter expressed surprise that the two women were Nora and Katy, whom he had seen a thousand times before, in Missouri, "did'nt know 'em! Well, that is a good 'un."

"Well, Raifl, I haent seen the gals for five year's more, yer know. An' that mighty fine riggin' they'd on tak me down, yer see. I didn't go very close to 'em, an' the boy I didn't 'member, o' course; he's grown up sense. I aware, of I didn't take that brat to one of old Brittan's friends' young ones, I'm a fool! W'en we come inter the stable, yere, I began to coax and play with him, 'spose he belonged to some visitor; an' he's so white and fair, it's hard tellin', isn't it? An' arter all, he's nuthin' but a damn little nigger!"

"Ha ha!" roared Taskem, who could laugh occasionally, at what he deemed such a joke: "Ia, ha, Beck. I'd like to 'see' ye'r hugg'n and kiss'a 'im, though!"

"Bath!" cried Beck, throwing from his filthy mouth a large quid of tobacco, as if his stomach were turned at the bare recollection that he had placed his rough beard in contact with Buff's fair cheek! "Well, ef he stops ya', continued the brute overseer, "an' I can get a shay at 'im, I'll pay him off; dam'd if I don't, though!"

"Pay him fer wot?" said Taskem, grinning again.

"Fer—for his 'fernal sence! He didn't tell me he was nasty dan pic'nyin'."

"But he won't stop ya'," said Taskem, at last.

"No?" queried the overseer.

No. Britain swears he won't hav' em about, no way. He wants Nora. The old man's summed up with her, sarn'; just as I spured he'd be, yer see. That's wot I got her fer. She's to be a house-servant, ha! ha! Ye'r know w' of party yaller house-servants is, eh?" said Taskem, sticking his tongue into his cheek, significantly.

"But how's the boy gone' away?"

"I'm to fix fer 'em."

"Won't she took like a devil, though?"

Nobly keeves for that, you know. Ef she goes to gittin' on her high horse, I tell Brittan to turn her out to ye'rself; an' ef you can't fix her flint for 'er, it's 'nd a pity, eh? The boy'll go, sure. I ken git three hundred fer 'im, any day, in Memphis; and that 'll a most clear gain, yer see."

Lewis, or Lewy Beck, as the overseer was familiarly called, had been bred to his business; he was a coarse, rough-mannered, selfish, brutal being, whose long experience in his wicked calling had rendered him entirely callous to all signs of human feelings in his own person. With scourge in hand, from sunrise to dark, he sought no occupation or amusement more to his taste than that of driving the miserable creatures that fell under his charge to the very last tension of their strength, in the fields where they toiled; and his requirements were harsh, peremptory, unreasonable and cruel, because he liked to tyrannize over his hands, and preferred the use of the whip, when he could get along much better even without it. His inhumanity was proverbial, and for this reason, chiefly, he was esteemed by Brittan, who quickly sympathized with him, and gave him unlimited power over his slaves.

Beck knows his business', the Englishman would say. "He knows what niggers need. He'll get the work out of 'em. Beck's a trump."

And so the overseer never heard of appeal to the real master of the place, when he scourged and flayed the hands, with or without a cause.

* * * * *

Taskem had been watching all the next day for opportunity to get *Nora*'s boy away; but the mother either suspected him, or was more than usually watchful, while the slave-trader was in sight, and it had come to be nearly evening before he made any open attempt at removing Buff. It was getting late, and he had eight miles to go before he could obtain a public conveyance to the southward—it being his intention to proceed, at once, to Hopkinsville, and down to Cumberland river; whence he could get away with the child without further trouble.

He had taken leave of Brittan, and the sun had just set, when Taskem came to the side entrance of the house, and said:

"Hello, Buff, w' ot you doin'?"

The little fellow started to his feet, and went into the kitchen as the trader approached, for *Nora* had taught him, in secret, to look upon Taskem as a second god, from which he should flee whenever he saw him coming!

"Come, Buff, come," he continued, coaxingly, as if he were calling a dog; but the boy looked in his eyes and said—

"No, I don't wanter."

"Then I'll have ter fetch yer," replied the brute, jumping into the doorway, ferociously, and gripping the boy in his arms.

With one hand he seized Buff rudely, and as the boy screamed 'mam—' the other palm of the slave-catcher was clapped upon the youngster's mouth, to prevent him from uttering the final syllable, when he would have called for 'mamma.' Jumping out of the doors with him as quickly and as stealthily as he came in, he hastened to the rear of the dwelling, where stood a rough open wagon, the driver behind it, in readiness for a start.

"Quick, Beck, quick, now!" said Taskem to his companion in sin, who held the horse, and then

waited to assist his friend away, 'quick, for he's as strong as a young bull.'

And Buff was tumbled heels over head into the bottom of the wagon, after having been nearly strangled, as he came from the house, in Taskem's hands.

"Oh! mammy, mammy — *Nora* — mammy!" shouted Buff. "Buckra-man er got 'im! Buckra-man er got 'im, mammy!" and away went the wagon at a jump.

"Wot's that?" yelled *Nora*, springing madly out of the parlor, whither she had been summoned by Brittan, a moment previously, in order to give Taskem the opportunity he had been unsuccessfully seeking, for six long hours. "Wot's that noise? Buff—*Buffy*!" she shrieked, as she darted away.

Buff was standing by his mother's death-bed in a moment, but he did not realize any thing. He saw that *Nora* lay speechless and helpless, and he saw the clear red streak that oozed from her pale lips! He saw the glassy eye, and knew she could not speak to him, but why this was so, or what it all meant, he did not know.

He said, "Poor mammy! Poor *Nora*!" That was all.

"Kiss her, darling; kiss poor mamma," said Julie, drawing the boy up to the side of the cot upon which they had laid her.

And the little fellow placed his lips close to hers, who had nursed him, and nurtured him, and watched him, and protected him for six long years, and who died, at last, to save him from the flesh-grasp of a miserable wretch, whom she knew would sacrifice him to the cold mercies of the first heartless tyrant who would buy him!

He kissed the parched lips of the once beautiful *Nora*—and he shrank away from her.

"Wot make 'em so cold?" he asked, as he gazed with the rest upon her whitening face.

The mother raised her hand, and Julie again kneeled down beside her.

"Save him! Save *Buffy*! Don't let 'em hab 'im! Missey-Katty! Save him—always!" hissed the poor girl, wildly. And this effort was her last.

A faintness at first overspread her features, then the deadly pallor succeeded that is unmistakable as the moment of dissolution finally drew near.

She smiled—poor *Nora* smiled, softly, sweetly, calmly—in that last terrible moment, as if, when her spirit was leaving the flesh, the angels were hovering about her, and her sins had been forgiven.

Her sister Katy held her hand in hers, and the child had ceased to beat. The bleeding had also stopped. There was no more struggling—no choking—no spasmodic fits and startings. All was still, and calm, and peaceful, and the spirit of the slave had been borne away to the sphere where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!

"I reckon she wants to say su'ethin,'" suggested the old cook, who stood at her head.

"Can we do any thing for you, *Nora*?" asked Julie, kindly, approaching the pallet on which she still lay, and placing her ear to the sufferer's lips, she heard *Nora* whisper the name of her child.

"Bring the boy here, instantly," said Julie.

Buff was standing by his mother's death-bed in a moment, but he did not realize any thing. He saw that *Nora* lay speechless and helpless, and he saw the clear red streak that oozed from her pale lips! He saw the glassy eye, and knew she could not speak to him, but why this was so, or what it all meant, he did not know.

He said, "Poor mammy! Poor *Nora*!" That was all.

"Kiss her, darling; kiss poor mamma," said Julie, drawing the boy up to the side of the cot upon which they had laid her.

And the little fellow placed his lips close to hers, who had nursed him, and nurtured him, and watched him, and protected him for six long years, and who died, at last, to save him from the flesh-grasp of a miserable wretch, whom she knew would sacrifice him to the cold mercies of the first heartless tyrant who would buy him!

He kissed the parched lips of the once beautiful *Nora*—and he shrank away from her.

"Wot make 'em so cold?" he asked, as he gazed with the rest upon her whitening face.

The mother raised her hand, and Julie again kneeled down beside her.

"Save him! Save *Buffy*! Don't let 'em hab 'im! Missey-Katty! Save him—always!" hissed the poor girl, wildly. And this effort was her last.

A faintness at first overspread her features, then the deadly pallor succeeded that is unmistakable as the moment of dissolution finally drew near.

She smiled—poor *Nora* smiled, softly, sweetly, calmly—in that last terrible moment, as if, when her spirit was leaving the flesh, the angels were hovering about her, and her sins had been forgiven.

Her sister Katy held her hand in hers, and the child had ceased to beat. The bleeding had also stopped. There was no more struggling—no choking—no spasmodic fits and startings. All was still, and calm, and peaceful, and the spirit of the slave had been borne away to the sphere where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!

"I reckon she wants to say su'ethin,'" suggested the old cook, who stood at her head.

"Can we do any thing for you, *Nora*?" asked Julie, kindly, approaching the pallet on which she still lay, and placing her ear to the sufferer's lips, she heard *Nora* whisper the name of her child.

"Bring the boy here, instantly," said Julie.

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OCTOBER 26.

THE LIBERATOR.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMORIAL OF THE LATE MR. ESTLIN.

No. I.

The Colored Patriots of the American Revolution, with Sketches of Several Distinguished Colored Persons: To which is added a brief survey of the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Colored Americans. By Wm. C. NELL. With an Introduction by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Published by R. F. Waller, 1855. pp. 396.

Mr. Nell, by his persevering and assiduous labors, has brought together a large mass of interesting and valuable facts, relating to the colored people, and the services they have rendered the country,—making a valuable volume of 396 pages, which we commend to public notice and patronage, trusting that the whole nation will be speedily disposed of. In her Introduction to the work, Mrs. Stowe pertinently says:

"The colored race have been generally considered by their enemies and sometimes even by their friends, as inferior in energy and courage; their virtues have been supposed to be principally negative ones. This collection of interesting incidents, made by a colored man, will redress the character of the race from this misconception, and show how much injustice there may often be in a generally admitted idea."

In consideration of the services of the Colored Patriots

we are to reflect upon them as far

as the revolution, because rendered to a nation

which did not acknowledge them as citizens and equals, and in whose interests and prosperity, they

were at stake. It was not for their own land they

fought, not even for a land which had enslaved them, and whose

own, even in freedom, often oppressed them; but protection

Bravery, under such circumstances, has a peculiar beauty and merit."

It is to be hoped that the reading of these sketches

will give new strength and confidence to the race

they have represented. Let them emulate the noble deeds

and sentiments of their ancestors, and feel that the dark skin can never be a badge of disgrace, while it

has been enabled by such examples.

And their white brothers in reading may remember

that generosity, disinterested courage and compassion

are of no particular race, and compassion and

the image of the Heavenly Father may be re-

ferred alike by all.

Each record of his life, in this

oppressed and despised people should be pondered,

for it is by means of such that the cruel and unjust

public sentiment, which has so long proscribed them,

may be reversed, and full opportunities given them to

rise rank among the nations of the earth."

Moson of FRANCES WRIGHT, the Pioneer Woman in

the cause of Human Rights. By AMOS GILBERT.

Cincinnati: Published for the Author. 1855.

A quarter of a century ago, the subject of this interesting and well-written Memoir was an object of terror

and popular aversion, theologically speaking, and was universally denounced as one who had unsexed herself,

desiring to address promiscuous assemblies—a precedent

now followed not only without reproach, but with general approbation, by female lecturers. Perhaps no one

has been more shamefully traduced than this intrepid and philanthropic woman; and we are glad, therefore, to see the present Memoir, written by a faithful seeker after truth, as it cannot fail to remove a large share of

suspicion and despondency which has so long proscribed them,

and give them rest upon her memory. In another number, we shall take occasion to notice it more at length, and to make some extracts therefrom.

In NEW YORK: a Collection of Secular Melodies, arranged for Four Voices; designed for Singing Schools and Social Music Parties. By James Webb and Lowell Mason. New York: Published by Mason Brothers. Boston: Sanborn, Carter & Basin: Philadelphia: J. Lippincott & Co.

The Orator was first published in 1857, and at that time attained great popularity. It has been subjected

to a careful revision, some thirty or forty popular songs and other pieces, harmonized for four voices, have been added, and it is now offered to the public with confidence as containing a larger variety than any other work of favorite songs, duets, and concerted pieces.

We shall appear, and command it to all who are pleased with the concert of sweet sounds." The Elements of Musical Notation, from the Hallelujah, have been revised, while the valuable appendix upon the formation and cultivation of the voice is retained.

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND THE PUPPET: A Discourse preached in the First Church, in Dorchester, on Sunday, Sept. 29, 1855. By NATHANIEL HALL. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

This Discourse has been elicited, in consequence of the unpopularity which certain Hunker Whigs and Tory Democrats, in and around Dorchester, took at Mr. Hall's prayer on the 4th of July last.—Edward Everett being the orator of the day,—when he remembered

the slaves in their bonds, and expressed the hope that the day of their redemption was drawing nigh. Since

that time, these elements of righteousness have been "active as the raging sea," hoping to put a padlock on his lip; but he has nobly asserted his manhood and Christian liberty, as this Discourse demonstrates. It is a most timely effort, and adapted to every part of the country. Some extracts from it may be found on our last page.

ABINGTON A. S. FAIR.

LATER FROM KANSAS TERRITORY.

so much that was valuable, and to do all so thoroughly and yet so rapidly.

His industry was one of the most remarkable traits of his character; and as it early became a fixed habit with him, and continued such to the end of his life, it produced results such as if known, would not fail to astonish nearly every one, and raise a doubt in some minds of the possibility of so much being accomplished in a single life-time. I am informed by one who knew him well, that he kept a daily diary, without intermission, for fifty-five years; besides which, his medical and scientific notes and essays, his theological criticisms and devotional pieces, are very numerous; and in addition to all these, was a very extensive private correspondence. These, it will be observed, were the occupation of his leisure hours, of those portions of the day which remained after his professional duties were discharged, and the many calls upon his benevolence had been duly answered. Nothing but the wisest and most systematic division of time, and the closest industry, could have enabled him to achieve his high medical and scientific reputation, to have attended and relieved so vast a multitude of suffering cases, and to have still found time for so much vigorous thought and useful action in the great fields of science and humanity.

S. M. Jr.

ABINGTON A. S. FAIR.

FRIEND GARRISON:

The abolitionists of this town have just held a Fair for the benefit of the Anti-Slavery cause; and believing that a short account of it might be useful by way of encouragement to friends in other towns who may be induced to aid the cause in a similar way, we send you the following brief notice for publication.

The Fair commenced on the afternoon of the 23 inst., and continued through the afternoon and evenings of the three following days; and considering the state of the weather and our inexperience in such matters, the result was highly gratifying. The attendance, by the people of this and the neighboring towns, and the patronage extended to us, far exceeded our most sanguine expectations; and although the sum realized (which amounted to two hundred and forty-four dollars) was not the only benefit resulting from the friendly intercourse and association which always attends such gatherings, yet it was such as to gladden the hearts of the friends who were engaged in it.

On the first evening, we were favored with an address by Wm. W. Brown, who spoke something more than half an hour, to a very attentive audience. On the second evening, short addresses were made by our friends J. Arnold, Jr., and Lewis Ford.

On the second evening, we were disappointed in not obtaining a speaker; but the Fair was well patronized, and the evening passed pleasantly.

On the last evening, although the fee of admission was twenty-five cents, still, nearly three hundred persons were present. The exercises of the evening commenced with music by Mr. Ira M. Wales, assisted by five other members of the Abington Brass Band, who kindly volunteered their services on the occasions. An address was then delivered by Mr. Phillips, who spoke an hour and a half, and although the evening was extremely warm, and most of the audience were obliged to stand, yet he was heard with the closest attention throughout. Many, we doubt not, listened to his words of truth, so eloquently expressed, who could not have been induced to do so under any other circumstances.

At Delaware the same game was played. A free Barbecue and Ball given, and Missourians publicly invited to come over and vote. The message of Gov. Shannon's name was read out on the call for a Constitution. A convention to form a State Constitution given out to be held on that day at Delaware, to induce voters to come over and take part in this local election. The Parkville Missouri Democrat, published in Platte county, says:

"MASS MEETING AT DELAWARE CITY.

There will be a Mass Meeting of the pro-slavery party at Delaware City, in Kansas Territory, on next Monday, to take into consideration the calling of a convention to form a State Constitution. A full attendance is desired. We are informed an address may be expected from Gov. Shannon.

On the same day and at the same place, preparation is being made for one of the most magnificent Collition Parties that has ever come off in the western country.

We are authorized to extend an invitation to the whole country and the rest of the people, male and female, on both sides of the river, to attend the party. If any fail to receive tickets, let them consider themselves invited.

Free Ball and Free Banquet!!!

On the same day, the County Seat of Leavenworth county is to be located by a vote of the citizens. Several rival towns will be contending for that distinction."

Added to this, the Liberty Tribune, published in Clay county, Mo., publishes the following:

"A grand mass meeting of the pro-slavery party will be held at Delaware city, on Monday, the 8th of October, 1855, to take into consideration the best manner, and to decide upon the means to counteract the election of Free Soil delegates. It is well known that the bounden duty of every citizen is to turn out and vote.

We are also authorized to announce that the day comes off the big fight between Leavenworth and Delaware for the location of the county seat of Leavenworth county. The question involved in the election is, whether the county seat of Leavenworth county shall be located in a free soil town or in a pro-slavery town. Leavenworth being more than ten free soilers to one pro-slavery man, and Delaware being almost entirely pro-slavery men, will certainly find it to their interest to make Delaware the county seat. The ferry at Delaware will be free on that day; there will also be a big barbecue there on that day, and a big ball at night."

Has it come to this, that Missourians must come in at our local elections, and control our county affairs? If so, it is time to stop them in their career. We think we have adopted the best method to convince every unprejudiced mind, that an entire change of the condition of interests have been brought to bear, to control our country election by an importation of voters from Missouri.

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